

MCGILL DAILY

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Students summon Frost, Bell to defend Senate interference

by andrew phillips

Over 250 students yesterday voted unanimously to call Robert Bell, Stanley Frost, and other University administrators before an open meeting of students to justify Senate's decision to interfere in Wednesday's by-election.

The administrators will be asked to defend the validity of Senate's motion establishing a committee to "decide what grounds exist" for an investigation into the removal of David Rovins' name from the ballot in the Presidential contest. The motion assumes that Senate has the right to conduct such an investigation.

Seconded by Frost, the motion was an amended version of one introduced by Rovins himself. He had been disqualified after he refused to

comply with a Judicial Committee ruling that he resign as Internal Vice-President in order to run for President.

Bruce Katz, a student Senator, described today's meeting, called by a group of concerned students, as a protest against Senate's action, "which has set a very critical and threatening precedent, the implications of which are far-reaching and very possibly devastating for the students of McGill."

"If Senate is allowed to overrule the actions of Council and the Judicial Committee in this instance," he continued, "it can do the same in the future for any other actions which it finds distasteful. The ultimate possibility is Senate running the Students' Society or causing its dissolution."

Principal Bell ruled that

Senate has jurisdiction over Rovins' motion according to Article II of the Students' Society constitution, which states that the Society is "subject to the University Statutes and to the jurisdiction of Senate." Katz claimed that "this is a vague generality that should not be construed to allow the administration to come into any affair of the Students' Society."

He explained that Senate is "only a higher executive body" and not a court, citing a precedent established last year when Errol Naiman, a Presidential candidate, threatened to appeal a Judicial Committee decision to the public courts, rather than to Senate.

"It should be made clear to the Administration that students' government is an affair of the students themselves," Katz concluded.

Gabor Zinner, newly-elected President of the Students' Society, stated that "the Society's present state of chaos in many ways invites the type of encroachment that the Senate motion is indicative of." He called for discussion on the Society itself and the role of the Students' Council in the present dispute.

This view was opposed by *Daily* editor Tom Sorell who said that "students derive their strength from action together and not from the structures of the Students' Society." He emphasized that student action, and not formal complaints by the Society Executive, are most important.

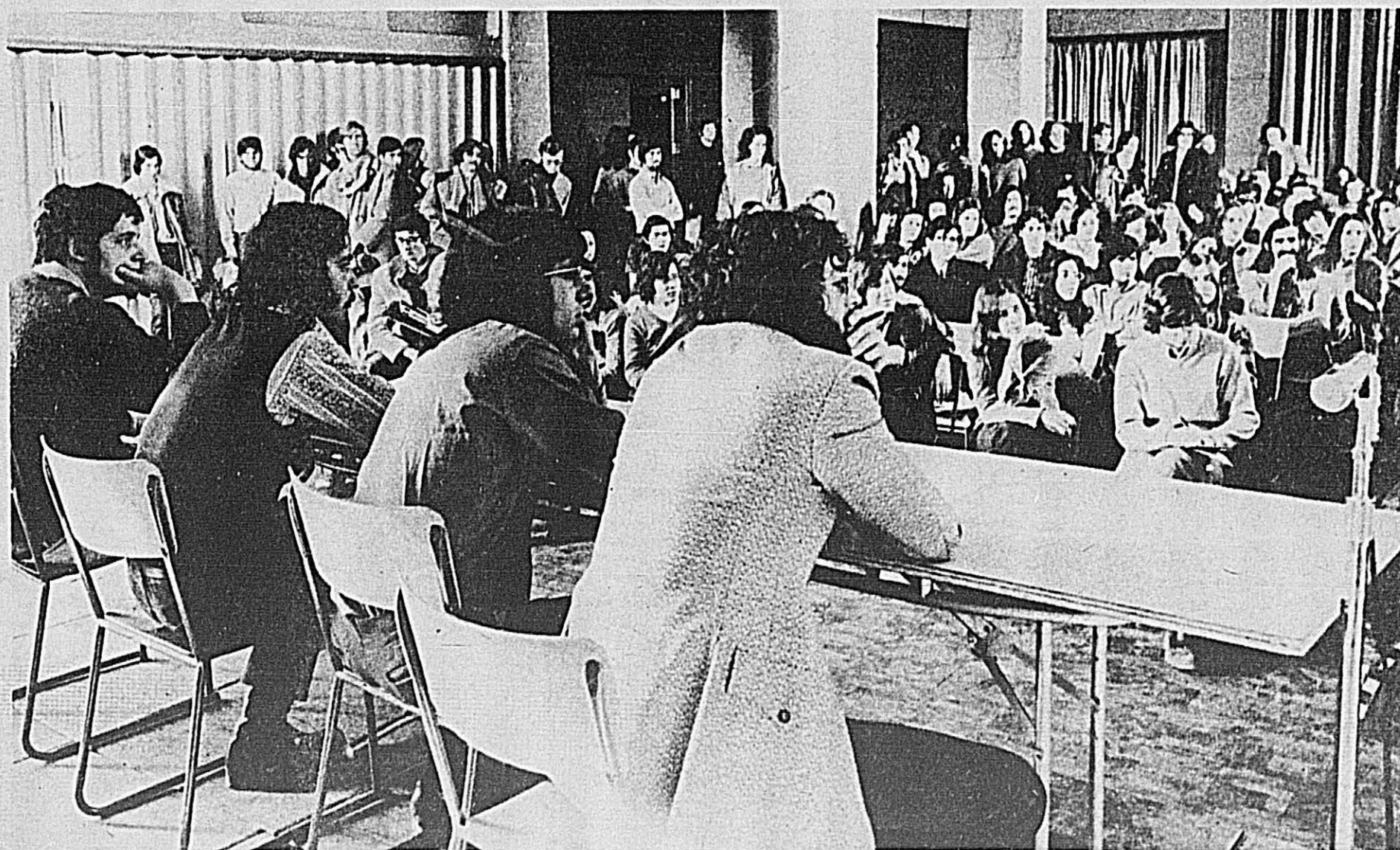
In response to a student who claimed that Zinner had met with Bell that morning, "seemingly to make some kind of deal," Zinner stated that he

had sought "clarification" from the Principal, telling him that "he would be well-advised to dismiss the entire affair."

Martin Shapiro, Chief Returning Officer for Wednesday's election, who accompanied Zinner, said that Bell looked "a worried man". Shapiro speculated that the Administration may be trying to capitalize on the lack of student activism in recent years in order to "put a permanent muzzle on the Students' Society."

Devinder Garewal stated that opposition to Senate's action was a matter of principle, and that even if statutes exist giving it a technical right to interfere, they should not be considered valid. He warned against "any abstract discussion on what Council executives should do", adding that "this is not a

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daily photo by harold rosenberg

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP

SENATE HAS
SET UP A
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TO INVESTIGATE
WHETHER
OR NOT
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GROUNDS
TO INVESTIGATE
LAST WED-
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THAT'S
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BUT IT
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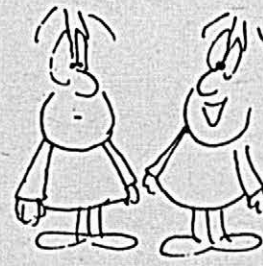
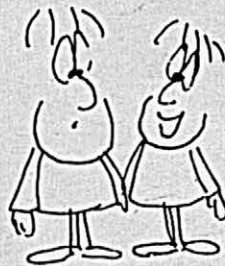
THAT'S
AUTONOMY
AND THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I MEAN.

THIS IS
MONOTONY
AND WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WHAT I
MEAN IS
THAT EVERY
GOVERNING
BODY SHOULD
HAVE A SCREEN-
ING COMMITTEE
TO DO ITS
DEBATING
FOR IT.

NOTHING!
IT WOULD
KEEP ALL
MATTERS
EVERYWHERE
PENDING
INDEFINITELY.
WHAT
WOULD
THAT DO?

THAT'S THE
SECRET!
WHEN ANYTHING
HAD TO BE
DONE,
SOMEONE
WOULD JUST
HAVE TO
GO AND
DO IT.



GKopp

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February 14-18

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Open to any McGill student! Condition-to be backed up by at least five engineers. Submit names care of Barry Brock, E.U.S. office, McConnell Engineering Bldg.

PRIZES OFFERED!

Another member of the audience urged students "to ignore Senate altogether." "If you believe you're autonomous and have faith in yourself, you're not worried about silly things like this," he said.

David Rovins received an unfavourable reaction from the audience when he ascended the platform to say: "I'm very happy I did this thing in Senate, because for the first time we've got students interested in something."

"I felt an injustice had been done to myself," he continued. "Council has spent the last two meetings trying to get me to resign. They do well to fear me."

When Rovins launched into an attack on various people he claimed were conspiring to eject him from Council, he was stopped by Katz who stated that the meeting should tolerate "no personal denunciations. We're talking about issues here."

Saying that the meeting "has nothing whatever to do with what happened in Senate yesterday," Rovins declared that he had "one alternative, to go to a governing body, the Senate, to complain."

A student pointed out that Rovins had "another alternative: to resign as Internal Vice-President, run for Students' Society President, and prove that he has a mandate from the students."

Several speakers warned against letting Rovins detract from the main issue, but a student later claimed that "this whole thing's a farce," because Rovins had been discussed after Katz prevented him from attacking personalities.

In an apparent softening of his position towards the Administration, Gabor Zinner warned students not to "over-react", claiming that the issue had "not crystallized". "They haven't even decided to conduct an investigation," he said.

However, Devinder Garewal insisted that the issue "has crystallized", and warned that the Students' Society might suffer the same fate as the Sir George Student Association if Senate's infringement was not opposed. (The Sir George Association was unilaterally suspended last October by the University's administration, and replaced by a Board of Trustees.)

George Kopp described the choice before students as "remaining the lowly dregs of the university or asserting ourselves and becoming part of the McGill community."

Bruce Katz then proposed that Bell and other Senators be invited to speak before an open meeting of students next Monday. This informal motion was unanimously adopted. However, the *Daily* later learned that, depending on the Administration's actions, the meeting may in fact be held Tuesday.

Students . . .

Continued from page 1
meeting of Council."

When Bruce Katz asked for reaction to the discussion, one student described the meeting as an "artificial event, a contrivance." He claimed that after all the positions have been put forward and the issue is resolved, nothing will have changed. "I hope in the next few weeks you will all enjoy yourselves as I will in watching this," he concluded sarcastically.

This attitude was opposed by Bruce Katz who pointed out that even "the cynic" would have to start worrying "if Senate takes this building (the Union) out from under us.", and Tom Sorell, who denounced it as "the most bullshit attitude I've ever heard."



At the beginning of the first term we asked people to hear what we had to say, and later to help us say it as reporters or layout people or feature writers on the *Daily*. Now we're recruiting again.

If you're interested in political journalism, sports, photography, or design, come and see us. Leave your names and phone numbers in the *Daily* office (Union basement). We'll hold a meeting the first week in February.

**DAILY
RECRUITMENT:
ROUND 2**

by julian sher

Bentley charges use of "racial ploys"

While the McGill administration is currently under fire for interfering in student affairs, the Sir George Williams University administration is being charged with racism.

At a press conference yesterday, Len Bentley, ex-president of the disbanded Students' Association (SA) of Sir George, outlined "some of the administrative racial ploys" used against himself and the SA which he hopes to expose shortly in court.

"Sir George Williams University is without doubt a racist institution," Bentley declared. "It is racist because it is administered by racists. I can go on record that Dr. O'Brien (principal) and Mr. Smola (vice-principal) are racists."

The SA was suspended last October by the Board of Governors, who charged that the executive was unable "to function within the present constitution." Bentley countered these accusations, saying that to be able to function within the constitution "one must not be 1) black and 2) a fully aware student, concerned for the optimal use of all available resources."

"Today, the Principal views a black student as a potential threat to the welfare and good name of this university."

"A black SA president is not allowed the same privileges as a white president," Bentley claimed. He noted that after he had resigned his position in September after five months of work, he was "not allowed to pay tuition fees", while a "white president did it five years ago". Bentley also pointed out that while he had lost \$700 by devoting his time to the SA during the summer, he had not taken an honorarium as previous presidents had done.

Bentley claimed that he had several documents which would incriminate numerous people in "an excellent plan to rid the SA of Bentley." One document pur-

portedly reveals that the Executive Vice-President, was to receive "a splendid recommendation to get into law school", if he helped dump Bentley. The Executive V-P, noted Bentley is "a white guy".

Bentley promised that "all these documents will be presented in due course" and that the handwriting will be verified by experts.

"I will back charges of racism and fascism in court," he said.

However, he pointed out the difficulty in bringing his case to court.

"I'm a very poor guy. I cannot afford the expensive law firms, as O'Brien can," Bentley maintained that these problems would be compounded by the university's attempt to put off the trial "for two or three years."

At yesterday's press conference, Bentley also promised action against a professor who had made "the slanderous" statement that "my administration had fixed the books."

In last year's student elections, Bentley ran with three other students (two of them white) on a slate called The Builders. Only his Executive V-P was defeated.

The actions of the executive during the summer especially over financial matters generated conflict between the SA and the administration.

In September, a press conference at which Bentley was supposed to reveal allegedly racist attitudes of the administration, was cancelled at the last moment with no explanations.

During this "war of nerves", as Bentley called it, the Executive V-P resigned, and "a black guy was appointed temporarily".

"At this particular stage," explained Bentley, "black repression got even stronger."

He claimed that following the October suspension of the constitution, he received phone threats and was assaulted.

MCGILL DAILY

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LETTERS

EIBEL ON
(WHAT ELSE?)
CAPITALISMON
STUDENT
POLITICSWOMEN
AND
THE STAR
(TSAR?)

AND . . .

YES, VIRGINIA,
UNDER-
GRADUATES
STILL SMASH
PIANOS

horrible why do rates of life-expectancy grow year after year?

More important, are Lewis' insidious desires to have the economy totally nationalized and a Socialist system established. Lewis, at one point in his commentary terms Capitalism "a society where uneven distribution of wealth is already preventing the masses from attaining a higher standard of living." This is a most false and hateful charge. It is Capitalism and only Capitalism which has created advanced civilization as we know it today. If not for Capitalism the masses would still be living in the Dark Ages. Secondly, wealth is fairly distributed according to merit and excellence. No drunk or ignoramus has a right to demand a share in the fortunes of great corporations which have become rich through excellence in production techniques and quality of products. No man can demand a share in someone else's deserved wealth; if he did, it would constitute robbery of the most insidious type.

Finally, capitalism and its inherent progress, peace and liberty have provided the environment for the cultural and scientific advances which have punctuated the history of Mankind. It is the ONLY system which can encourage advances. To create a Socialist state, would be to regress, fall back and enter into the Dark Ages of altruism, parasitism, cowardice, and death.

David Marcus Eibel
BA — EI

A plea for serious
student politics

Sir,

My reasons for writing this letter are not yet clear to me.

I was not allowed to vote in the election for Students' Society officers which was held on January 26, 1972. My student ID card had been punched improperly in a previous by-election in the same manner as cards were being punched for the Council elections. The number of students who were similarly prevented from voting has not been determined, nor has anybody else even mentioned the problem. I was told at the Students' Society office that at least 20 others had reported that they had been barred from voting because of this error (misunderstanding, disorganization, or simple ineptitude). I wonder if anybody cares.

My concern is simply that I was not allowed to vote over a technicality which might have been avoided. The election is past and I do not wish to challenge its results. I recognize voting to be an essential feature of any political or social organization where more direct means of communication are unavailable. It concerns me to see people so

self-importantly concerned with the problem of apathy, as unconcerned with protecting the right of its constituents to exercise their sovereignty.

My concern runs deeper than this. This seems to me another example of the extraordinary irresponsibility that "our leaders" demonstrate continually towards the students whom they ostensibly represent and towards the political universe where their actions take effect. One is tempted to speculate that the policy makers and talkers around the Students' Society think that the students are puppets and that the student government is a passing joke; that the satirists are the true chroniclers of events.

If those in student government can find nothing to believe in, that is, nothing to take seriously (eg. nuclear explosions on Amchitka, war-related research in Canadian universities, whether McGill continues to exist, whether it should continue to exist, what students at McGill think about all these issues, and that people at McGill should take their own lives and be encouraged to think about their community and their society and their places in it, their feelings about it and their responsibilities towards it), then they are wasting their time. Contrary to science fiction, time is limited.

Almost ten years ago, students at Berkeley, California, declared: "I am a human being. Do not fold, spindle, mutilate." This means bureaucrats, on any level; warmakers, business executives, prison officials, university officials, and student officers.

This is a lament for a past of critically thoughtless student government. Here's to a new administration in the hopes that they will take everybody more seriously.

Barbara Scales

Dear Blond Boy . . .

Sir:

I don't know if the following is worthy of being printed. It is however, sincerely felt, and if it makes even one reader realize that faggots have feelings then maybe it is worth it.

Dear Blond Boy,

Don't look at me so as we walk, lonely, down the MacLennan spiral into another emptiness outside. It is bad enough being here at 10:50 Friday night with nothing else to do. And God knows it is bad enough being queer. Please don't make it worse.

Maybe you aren't gay; I hope you aren't. You deserve something better. In a word, you deserve love, or at least the possibility of it, which seems impossible for us.

If you are gay, perhaps you are different. Your eyes say that you, too, are alone and that you want warmth and tenderness. Could you understand that I

don't want sheer sex; I just need someone good to touch and to hold. But none of the others comprehend this, and my well-built-up gay cynical defenses say you are probably the same.

So go. Don't look. I'll be messed up again for a few days, but it is easier to get over that than to recover from another night of semi-successful sex and utter uncontact.

Anonymous

The Tsar and his women

Sir,

In the Lifestyles Section of last Friday's *Montreal Star*, above an article entitled "Despite New Formulas, Mother's Milk Still Best," there appeared an account of what supposedly took place during a discussion on marriage at the YWCA the night before.

I participated in that discussion, and I find the *Star's* account grossly inadequate. At the risk of taking the *Montreal Star* too seriously, I would like to correct the impression that my only criticism of marriage is based on its enforced sexual repression.

Although I identified myself as a socialist, and disclaimed any representation for the women's movement, and emphasized that women will never be liberated under the capitalist system, Zoe Bieler, the reporter, seized what must have appeared the most sensational aspect of my remarks, i.e. sexual gratification.

In fact, my analysis was less superficial.

Marriage is not obsolete in the sense that it performs certain functions directly related to the capitalist nature of society.

One of these functions is the bearing and raising of children. The capitalist State assumes no responsibility for the raising of future workers. Instead, individual men and women, living on one salary, perform this task at their own expense. If the wife must work, or chooses to work, that care of the children is still done at their personal expense. It is estimated that women with small children spend an irreducible minimum of 80 hours a week in domestic unpaid labor.

The second function is also obvious. The woman performs a wide variety of repetitive, boring and unchallenge in labor in the home. She cares for the children and provides security and comfort to the husband. Kate Millett calls this providing the working class husband with the psychic luxuries of the leisure class.

The third function is enforced monogamy and sexual repression. There is no recognition of sexual needs outside the marriage. Pre-marital sex is not considered legitimate.

Children born outside of marriage are even called

"illegitimate." This system of enforced monogamy and sexual repression also serves an economic function in the sense that people who are sexually repressed are better able to perform repetitive and boring labor. Wilhelm Reich in *The Sexual Revolution* explains this concept of the necessity of the authoritarian state to repress the libido. The husband is guaranteed sexual intercourse on a regular basis by marriage law in various states and can sue for loss of consortium if his wife is sexually damaged in an accident.

Another function of marriage that makes it very much a part of capitalism is the effect it has on women's position in the labor market. Because "all" women are married, it is assumed that any woman applying for a job can be paid less than a man since she is dependent on a husband. Single women can be paid less since it is assumed that they are only passing the time until they meet Mr. Right.

The fact that marriage fills these four functions makes it an essential part of the capitalist system and not obsolete. Oppression will never be obsolete as long as we are living under a system that can turn misery into profit. The fact that society can refuse to provide an adequate life for those who do not fit into the nuclear family pattern of mother/father/children serves to enforce that pattern. Orphans, old people and single women with children will remain outcasts of society as long as the State continues to operate in the interests of the capitalist class.

The very minimum program of change that would free men and women from this compulsion to tie themselves together in isolated apartments would be: free abortion available to all women on demand, contraceptive information and devices to all, a good program of sex education, equal educational opportunities and employment opportunities for women, community-controlled day care on a 24 hour a day basis that is free and available to all. It is obvious that the capitalist system will not grant these basic necessities, and that is why women will never be liberated under this system.

As can be expected, the *Montreal Star* managed to miss the point. And by further stating that both I and Dr. Margaret Andersen agreed that child care "would provide most of the answers as far as young children are concerned," our respective positions were oversimplified.

Dr. Andersen's criticism of marriage centers around her conviction that marriage destroys love. I would argue that love itself, or at least that gross and vulgar romantic mystique that is used to justify oppression, cannot survive the repressive suffocation of duty

Continued on page 5

Long live the spirit
of drunken shareholders!

Sir:

Jonathan Lewis' audacious and criminal diatribe against Capitalism, in the *Daily* of January 24, deserves immediate attack. His moronic arguments about the causes of pollution are not worth commenting on, safe to say that pollution is a problem all over the world, whether the country is Capitalist, Fascist, Socialist or Communist. The fact that a country has a particular type of political and economic system will not rid the skies magically of industrial and auto pollution. Moreover, if pollution is so

LETTERS

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and obligation that is involved in the present institution of marriage.

At one point during the discussion period, someone mentioned the impossibility of revolution in the North American context. Dr. Andersen whispered to me, "Women's Liberation is revolution!" Therein lies the difference between us. I do not consider the women's movement to be revolutionary in and of itself. Rather, with the proper strategy and organization, it has the potential of being part of a much larger socialist revolution. It constantly amazes me that women, so angry and conscious of their own oppression, can advocate, even indirectly, the maintenance of the oppression of others. Those women who contemplate "liberation" in the context of capitalist society are in fact doing this with regard to the most brutally oppressed and exploited women of all, working women of the working class.

On the other hand, socialist women should not dismiss the present women's movement as "bourgeois" and refuse to work with it. Socialist women have an extremely important task within the women's movement. Their active participation in campaigns that directly challenge the nature of capitalist society can provide valuable educational experience for women who have been as yet unable to make the necessary link between their own oppression and the oppression and exploitation of the working class. This is especially important in the English-speaking milieu. English-speaking women in Quebec have been isolated from the political experience of the black liberation struggle and antiwar movement that served to radicalize large sectors of American women. They have also remained largely untouched by the struggle for national liberation of Quebec. The women's movement, with the proper leadership and objectively revolutionary demands, can provide this experience.

One of the major points missed by the *Montreal Star* was the fact that all 3 women on the panel harshly criticized marriage while the two men supported it to a greater or lesser extent. It seems obvious to me that the two men must be enjoying certain privileges that they want to defend.

The kind of public discussion that took place will remain useless unless used as only one part of an ongoing discussion that involves the question of strategy. Otherwise, it serves only to amuse and entertain the people who read John Robertson and listen to Dave Basset. I will do neither of them the honor of shrieking "Male chauvinist pig!" (I've never used that expression myself) and can only extend my sympathy to their wives.

The more important question remains one that can only be resolved by history: the true nature and dynamics of the women's movement. What

course will the women's movement take?

Susan Wheeler

Valentine's Day
Piano Massacre

Sir,

I have just seen the announcement of the annual Piano Smashing Contest in the current issue of the *Plumbers Pot*. Let us consider this barbarism for a moment. Everyone has, at one time or another, seen an ancient knock-keyed, sadly out-of-tune piano that could never be made to play properly. By virtue of their excessive mass, these forgotten monstrosities lurk in darkened corners for millennia. So what is the objection to smashing them to splinters?

The engineers speak at length of recycling waste. What can be reused of a pile of splinters and shards of cast iron? Nothing, obviously. But what can be made of an old piano? If one disassembles a typical upright piano, he will harvest about a half-gallon tin of various wood fastenings, including screws better and larger than can be bought today. Another salvageable material is the high quality lumber core plywood that formed the sides, front, and top. The heavy wood frame that sustained the force of the strings makes an excellent basis for a workbench top. The keys in these "useless" instruments are useful as pads when clamping new work. Even in cheaply made old pianos, the soundboard is a better quality of sitka spruce than can be bought today. For those like Wolfgang Kater, who makes reproductions of antique instruments, and myself, who makes harpsichords, this source of well-seasoned soundboard material is extremely valuable. So you see, almost all of an old piano is recyclable. The iron frame, tuning pins, strings, and wrest plank are all that defy reuse.

With this in mind, why would anyone want to smash up a poor old piano? For the answer it is only necessary to ask the organizers of this fun-filled event: "It was very successful last year. 'What do you mean?' 'It gets the people out, that's what we want to do, get you people out.' This, then, is the rationale for destruction; an artificial means for dispelling apathy. Presumably, these students who witness the vandalism will immediately be transformed into active, productive citizens of the community.

Not wishing to disrupt another's fun, is it possible that a different target might be found for this youthful vigor? If something has to be smashed as an offering to the god of apathy why not simply transform something born as trash into a more useful form? Since automobiles have to be crushed before being fed into a smelter anyway, why not have the contest to flatten a pair of Corvairs or Falcons?

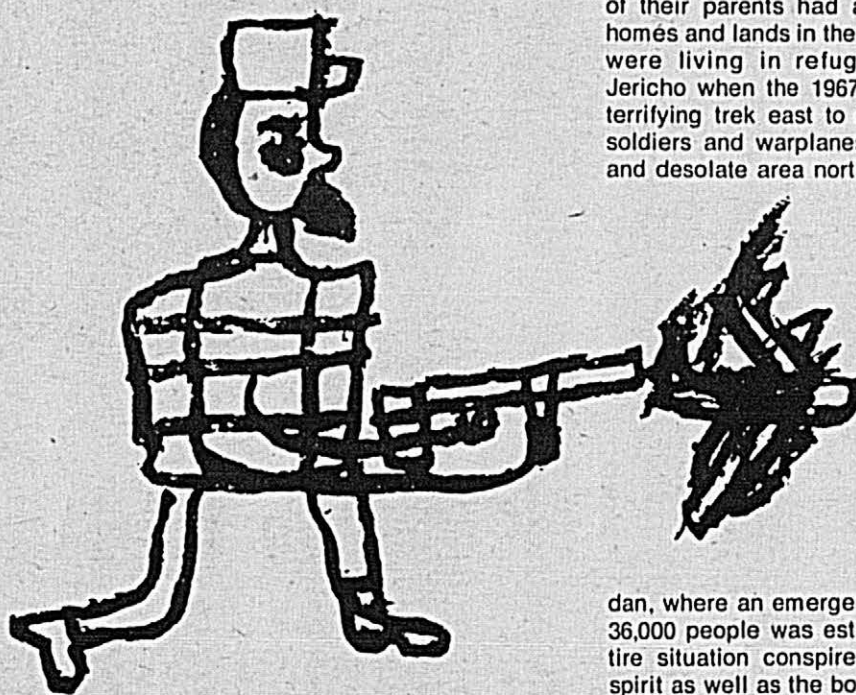
D. S. Heckrotte
B.Arch. E-2 3/4

Note: This contest is to take place on Tuesday 14 Feb. so publication should be well in advance of that date so that those engineers have sufficiently time to concoct something else.

CHILDREN'S
TESTIMONYat a time
of war

The Organization of Arab Students in the USA and Canada is sponsoring two exhibitions. First, works of Palestinian children between 5 and 12 years old, entitled "Children's testimony at a time of war". Second, a series of works in coloured ink illustrating poems that deal with Palestinian resistance. The latter are designed by Kamal Boullata, a Palestinian artist.

The young artists of this exhibition are Palestinian children, made refugees as a result of the 1967 Arab-Israeli War. Most of their parents had already lost their homes and lands in the 1948 fighting and were living in refugee camps near Jericho when the 1967 war began. The terrifying trek east to escape attacking soldiers and warplanes ended in a hot and desolate area north of Amman, Jor-



MUSTAFA HUSSEIN, 11 yrs. old

"We walked in the mountains and the valleys all day, passing the dead and the bombs... the planes were following us wherever we went... it was like walking in a dream."

Neimeh Salem, 6 yrs. old.

"The sky and the land were darkened by fighter planes, tanks, bombs, and the dead... I was not afraid of death but it was sad to think I would die under artillery fire."

Mustafa Hussein, 11 yrs. old

"The trees were laden with fruit
The enemy's airplane came and
bombed the camp and the trees.
The green leaves burned, the roses fell,
the apples fell, and the
neighbor's daughter also."

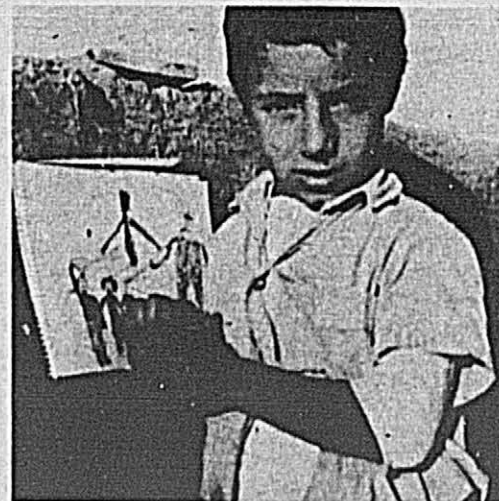
Nawal Ahmad, 8 yrs. old.

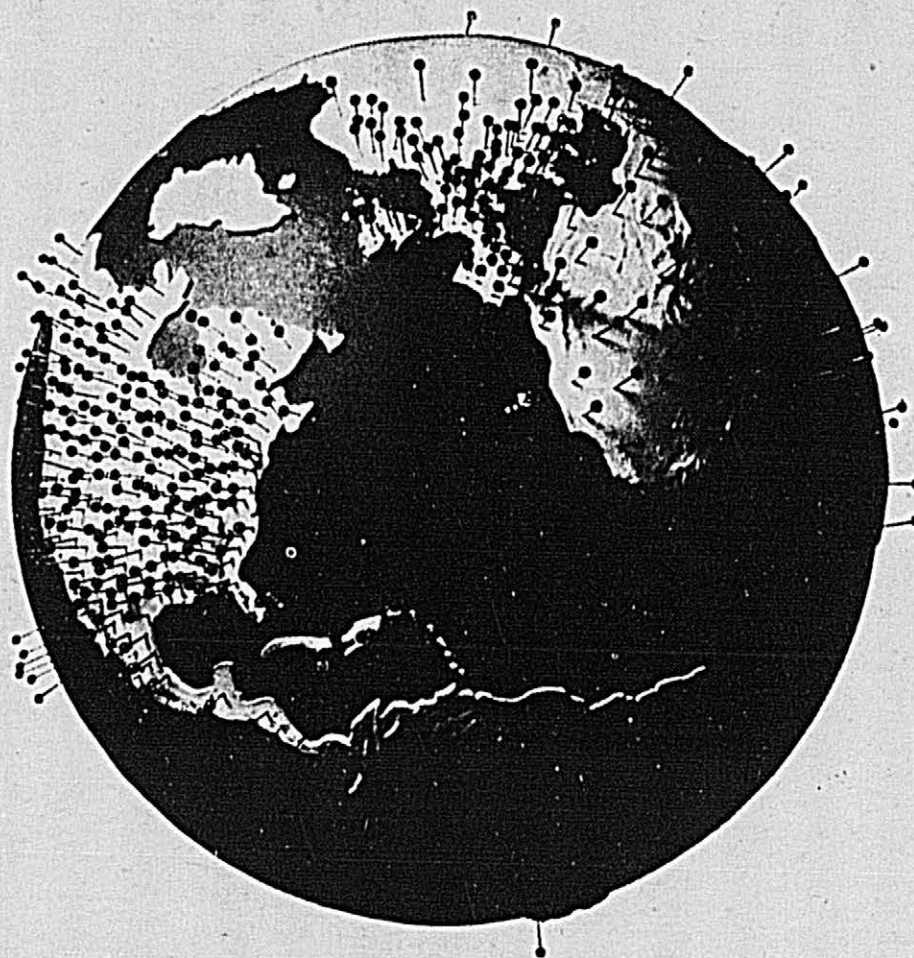
dan, where an emergency tent camp for 36,000 people was established. The entire situation conspired to oppress the spirit as well as the body. A young artist from Amman, Mona Saudi, determined to do something for the children of the camp. In 1968, she left her studies in Paris and went to Baqaa' camp with paper and crayons, "to give the children a chance to express themselves freely".

This exhibit came into being primarily through the combined efforts of two Palestinian artists, Vladimir Tamari and Kamal Boullata.

The drawings are on exhibit at the Arab-Canadian Federation Club, 1436 McGill College Avenue. The exhibition will last until January 29. Admission is free.

ADEL YUSEF, 6 yrs. old.





I'd like to buy the world for Coke, and IBM, and GE...

What with Management Week around the corner and a Management Building in construction right on the corner, why we thought we'd find out what the managers have been saying to each other lately. What better place to look than the *Harvard Business Review*. The people who write for, or are interviewed by, 'HBR' as the *Review* calls itself, aren't your run-of-the-mill St. Lawrence clothing factory supervisors, or even your Purvis Hall professor. They are Big Business and they Speak from Experience.

In the current issue of HBR two such super managers are interviewed about multinationalism: Jacques Maisonrouge, President of IBM World Trade, and Fred J. Borch, Chairman of General Electric. The interviews are just part of a study undertaken by the International Management and Development Institute to determine what the multinational corporations plan to do with themselves in the next ten years or so.

But why the concern? Well, as we learn from the article, multinational corporations are not oblivious to the world around them. They have a stake in the whole business and so they care. In the first few paragraphs of the article, the world situation is set out in this poignant analogue cum riddle:

"There is a pond of limited dimensions where water lilies grow.

"Each day the lilies double, so that there are twice as many as the day before.

"At the end of 30 days the lilies occupy the entire pond, crowding each other out, using up the sunlight, air, and water, and they die.

"Question: When was the pond just half full, so that the gardener still had time to do the pruning and provide for the

health and survival of the lilies?"

Answer: The 29th day. More interesting than the solution to the riddle, though, is the person who provides the answer in the article. He is Aurelio Peccei, Vice-Chairman of Olivetti. HBR describes him as "founder of the Club of Rome (a small team of internationalists concerned with worldwide social, political, economic, and technological problems)."

The point to the riddle, its solution, and Peccei, is that these Corporate White Knights are not just a small group sequestered in some villa in Rome. They are all over the world. They are, if you like, the pretty face of multinationalism. And they have obligations: "More than governments, the business community is geared to the pragmatic issues of engineering and managing change. But while the profit motive continues as the fuel for corporate development, and nationalism as a solid base for growth, the vision of corporate leaders must be widened to include the spectrum of human needs on the world horizon."

Here we have been bad-mouthing the IBMs and General Electrics of the world, and all along we've been wrong. We ought to buy the world a Coke to celebrate the demise of the myth.

Don't take out all those dimes just yet though.

Even the interviewers are hard-pressed to squelch their surprise that all is well with world-wide business' motives. They insist that "growth can be a desirable and constructive force providing . . . the resources and expertise for solving world wide problems". Fred Borch and Jacques Maisonrouge tell us how good old American know-how reckons with those nasty dotted lines on the State Department's maps of the world. You just can't beat old Jacques for

lucidity in this connection. He lists the criteria for multinational companies with all the aplomb of the head IBM inter-office memo writer:

"It must do business in many countries. I don't think that a company doing business in two or three industrial countries can be considered multinational; it must be in many countries that are in different stages of economic development". Jacques knows that the IBM team just wouldn't be well-rounded without a few rookies from the little leagues, those little out of the way countries you hear about now and then. Jacques wants to make the folks out there real happy. Take, for example his third criterion:

"There should be nationals running these local companies; they understand the local scene better than anybody else, and this helps promote good citizenship". Even René Levesque has heard about this one. But more important, so has Bob Bourassa who must be a subscriber to HBR and a few of things it stands for. You take his Education Minister's Reseau Report, for instance. The Reseau Report is tailor-made to Maisonrouge's design. With a little help from its friends the Quebec government can give you, yes you, the opportunity to become a manager. They'll make that opportunity attractive, because the Reseau Report suggests the setting down of quotas on enrolment in various faculties right here at McGill. The Quebec government will spend money for so many engineers, so many doctors, so many lawyers, a couple of social 'scientists', some real scientists, and a couple of English and German and Art History students. But what they really want is managers, because a supply of managers make investment attractive. The Parti Quebecois agrees. (Next week

you can hear Jacques Parizeau tell you why when Management Week brings the vedette of Quebec economics to McGill students.)

Maisonrouge sets down two more criteria to ensure that multinational corporations don't run into trouble with the home-grown financiers:

"There must be a multinational headquarters, staffed with people coming from different countries, so one nationality does not dominate the organization too much.

"There should be multinational stock ownership — the stock must be owned by people in different countries."

Where does Maisonrouge see multinational companies heading? All over. "When markets in the rest of the world grow to sufficient size, it will no longer be the United States on one side and the rest of the world on the other. It will be the United States, Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and so on".

But as Maisonrouge admits, and as his friend Fred Borch agrees, true multinationalism is a long way off. For a start, you have the countries themselves who for one reason or another are getting in the way of what HBE calls "free trade". "Individual governments . . . must account to such protectionist segments as unions and weak industries" while as regards the core issues of obtaining corporate elbowroom "there seems to be considerably more unanimity . . . among multinational corporations". In a section of the article titled "The case for optimism", Maisonrouge is quoted as saying that "after a period of infighting, we will see a new day". But what is Jacques getting at? Well, he knows as well as anyone that things are changing. These young people, you know, they're

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the Lower Canada Review

of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1972



The dreams of Geoffrey Chaucer

by adam gopnik

Chaucer dreams that he is meeting Abraham Lincoln, at the White House. "Hello, Mr. Chaucer," Lincoln says, in his high squeaky voice. (The birth of Thomas Edison was delayed for several years, to keep him from inventing the phonograph, recording Lincoln's high, squeaky voice, and embarrassing Carl Sandburg.) Chaucer eyes Lincoln mistrustfully. What is this language he is speaking, he wonders, it is certainly not Middle English.

Chaucer dreams he is a doorman at Diderot's house. People keep coming to the door and leaving things for Diderot to put in his encyclopedia. One man brings a kangaroo. "Tell him to put that in his damn book," he says to Chaucer, and storms out. A woman brings a manuscript. On the first page is written, "For M. Diderot, to use as a space filler."

All the rest of the pages are blank. Chaucer has a vague memory of being told to accept all contributions to the encyclopedia, so he says nothing. They are trying to get the Tower Bridge through the doorway, in order to fill up the "T" section, when he wakes up.

The next morning Chaucer visits his Fish-monger, to buy fish. He starts to tell the Fish-monger about his dreams. The Fish-monger looks at him, as if he were a perfect stranger who had just walked in off the street, and asked what year it was. He hands Chaucer the Dover Sole, and retreats into the back room. Chaucer sighs and leaves. He is sorry he has ever started to have these dreams.

Chaucer buys a book entitled "Disciplining the Sub-conscious Mind." It is written in questions and answers. One of the questions is "Can you control

your dreams?" The answer is yes. The method involves will-power and proper breathing: Chaucer discovers that all his life he has been breathing improperly, and that he has been lucky to get away with curious dreams. After dinner he reads and re-reads this chapter. "Still," he says to his wife, as he is about to go to bed, "I don't know if I have one of those minds that can be disciplined." That night, he has a dream.

In the dream he is in an empty theater. On stage are three men. One has red hair and a harp, one black hair and a piano, and one a moustache and a cigar. The one with the red hair, leaps off stage, takes out a scissors, and cuts a piece out of Chaucer's new hat. Chaucer backs away. The one with the cigar says, "We may be going to the tomb of Thomas à Beckett, and if we do we'll certainly—" "Hey?" interrupts the one with the dunce cap. "I know the tune of Thomas à Beckett?" and he begins to play it on the piano. Chaucer eyes them all warily. He

backs up, and wakes up.

It is morning. Outside his window, he hears two Guileless Peasants talking.

"Hey," says one. "Why is it that 'Pork' is a Norman word, but 'Swine' is an Anglo-Saxon one?"

"Because, you ninny," answers the other, "we've been conquered."

"Oh," says the first, "I had forgotten."

This conversation makes a deep impression on the young Chaucer.

The year is 1386. Chaucer is sitting in parliament, as a Knight of the shire from the county of Kent. Misfortunes are about to befall him. Soon, he will lose all his friends at court, his offices will be taken from him, and henceforth he will be obliged to live among common people, with a lean purse. In the meantime, however, he doesn't know what is going to happen to him, so he has a dream. He imagines that he is a place-kicker for a continued on page 7



Red and White Revue presents "Three's Company", Jan 28 - Feb. 5 in Moyse Hall



DEMOS

by ron blumer

Growing old is a process which can only happen to someone else. I often wondered why in elementary school nobody tried to warn me what it was going to be like, why nobody prepared me for the rough passage ahead. Maybe I never listened. Here is someone who went to McGill in the late 1940's. In his day, he and his crowd were considered off beat, somewhat avant garde. As you will see, twenty years ago was indeed a foreign country, as strange and unfamiliar as twenty years from now will be for those of us still limping around.

We used to spend hours and hours sitting in the Café André having intense discussions about I don't know what; literature, poetry, politics, philosophy, sex, girls. In those days (and this wasn't so long ago) the idea of a sexually aggressive girl was unheard of. It was always the boy who wanted to and the girl who didn't. They had to be chased, persuaded, conquered. Intoxication was main lever. Some girls did, but most didn't but anyway, information on this subject was quite hard to come by then — the statistics were always shrouded in mystery. Among my group of buddies — sitting around boozing it up at the shrine, sex was a big topic of conversation, a considerable source of distraction, excitement, fear, anxiety and depression. There were a lot of drunken parties and "fast" girls were hard to come by. I had a friend who was actually living with a girl. I thought this fantastically avant garde. But this was very unusual, almost unheard of.

My generation at McGill was as unhappy as this present one seems to be, but in totally different ways. My generation was unhappy, each person in his own way, because we felt — I felt that I wasn't good enough, that my intellectual and physical abilities were not great enough to achieve what I thought were worthwhile goals. I wasn't smart enough, organized enough, I didn't have enough poise or courage or good looks. A lot of my contemporaries either overtly or secretly thought the same thing. We all made a considerable effort at self improvement. The current generation, equally unhappy, thinks that the world isn't good enough. The fault is not in themselves, but in their stars. They feel that they are victims of a corrupt, sick, polluted, degenerate world. They subscribe to the conspiracy theory which makes society very easy to understand. They think that there is a small group of people in some office in Place Ville Marie or somewhere who decree that the world shall be evil. Like many other people at the time, I thought that there was plenty wrong with society and it would be nice to change it but I thought, and still think, that it would be impossible to do that without acquiring the skills, the cunning needed to meet the system on its own level. I honestly believed in education as a means of self improvement leading perhaps to the ultimate improvement of society. People read Freud, for example, as a means to understand their own

psyches with the aim of being able to function more efficiently.

Comparing myself in 1972 with my life, my preoccupations when I went to university, I see several major changes. I had closer friendships then. I would intensely discuss personal, and emotional problems. It was a period of discovery about people — discoveries of common grounds with all of its associated excitement. Today I have a set of good friends, we discuss and joke about things of common interest but there isn't nearly either the intensity or the emotional dependence which characterized the friendships of my university days. On the other hand, those were times of tremendous uncertainties. Today, I have learned to live with these uncertainties, these paradoxes of existence which were agonizing when I was younger. I have come to accept the fact that there are certain problems to which there may be no available answer. The problems are the same, but the agonies, the intensity of feelings associated with them are much weaker now. I still worry a lot, I still have periods of self doubt and confusion, but it doesn't have the debilitating effect of worry which was a factor when I was younger, it is not as immobilizing.

There are, however, problems which come with growing older. There is always the feeling that time is slipping away and you haven't accomplished anything of significance. You see, the time that stretches ahead suddenly becomes finite. When I was twenty, I never dreamed that I might be thirty someday — when you are forty-five, you can easily begin to think of yourself as dead. At twenty, I couldn't even begin to think what forty-five would be like. It's something that happened to other people, it was totally out of sight — like China or the North Pole. I find the idea that I now have a close friend, a guy who I see socially, who is fifty-six years old completely astonishing. The numbers themselves have taken on a magic, almost emotional coloration. As you get older (if you want a fast aphorism) your subjective view of yourself changes because of your own place on the path — what you see ahead of you, and what you see behind. The road is no longer endless; it becomes more and more finite. I have a very different appreciation of what time is — a day, a month, a season. The element of time has suddenly become real.

I think I can summarize it all in saying that growing up has meant for me, a bit of detachment. After a while, it dawned on me that I was not the centre of the universe. Nobody of course ever admits to this fact but at least I learned to suppress my self concern a bit, if only to obtain some sort of social acceptability. All of my uncertainties about who I am and what I am doing on this earth persist, but I have developed some detachment from them, some perspective, some remedies for the pain. I've survived my youth, I still don't know what my life should be, what it all means, but I'm a bit happier now, a bit more content.



by danny roden

At a time when arbitrary views of "normality" are coming under heavy fire, elementary and high schools on this continent are witnessing the birth of a new entity in the struggle to (keep lambs in the fold) (keep the little bastards in their places) . . . "minimal brain dysfunction".

A new pathology is growing, the pathology of "hyperactivity". The aim is mind-control of any kid who dares not do what he is told, and the prime weapons are amphetamines and their relatives (which paradoxically slow kids down).

Now "Minimal Brain Dysfunction" is an interesting entity in itself. It has been defined to exist by the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare (and therefore presumably exists), which says that "exploration of (the possibility of minimal brain dysfunction) . . . requires the co-ordinated services of a professional group which might include minimally a pediatrician, neurologist, psychologist, language expert, education specialist, and, not infrequently, a psychiatrist." Such teams don't exist except in large centers.

Ciba Pharmaceutical Co. has embarked on a high-powered ad campaign in medical journals to push methylphenidate (Ritalin, by trademark) to treat children with "Minimal Brain Dysfunction."

"What medical practitioner has not, at one time or another, been called on to examine an impulsive, excitable, hyperkinetic child? A child with difficulty in concentrating. Easily frustrated. Overly aggressive. A classroom rebel," an ad asks. Ritalin is to be used in the treatment of "Minimal Brain Dysfunction in children (often manifested in the form of hyperkinetic behavior) . . ."

There is a very real danger that this drug will be (is being) misused. Every practitioner examines "impulsive excitable" children. Not very many of these at all have MBD, and a diagnosis of MBD requires a very specialized team, and much time, to establish. Most children with MBD aren't hyperkinetic.

Doctors don't have time to read the literature in detail. They can read (skim) Ciba's ad in the New England Journal of Medicine, and proceed to prescribe this drug to calm any kid who steps out of line. They prescribe the drug under pressure from schools or parents, unless they are acutely aware of exactly when methylphenidate is indicated in children.

The company, to be sure, cites studies to support its claim that "Ritalin can significantly benefit many MBD children by controlling hyperactivity . . ." and its latest ads do contain a disclaimer in small type that Ritalin is not a "panacea for all childhood disor-

ders."

These studies have been subjected to some criticism in the journals, and it has been pointed out that in the best controlled of these there was improvement in "intelligence quotient" and co-ordination over the six weeks of drug administration accompanied by side effects like weight loss, and increased blood pressure and heart rate.

What the ads also don't mention is that methylphenidate is highly addictive, that the use of "West Coast" (methylphenidate) is on the upswing among heroin addicts in the States, that methylphenidate at one time constituted the major drug problem in Sweden (Stockholm has about the same proportion of addicts as New York City).

Methylphenidate may help the occasional child — it is hard to dispute that. The company agrees that studies so far have proven inconclusive on the usefulness of the drug in children; it has financed more studies. It says that its ad campaign is not designed to sell its product but to "alert physicians of the existence of minimal brain dysfunction as an entity." (No comment).

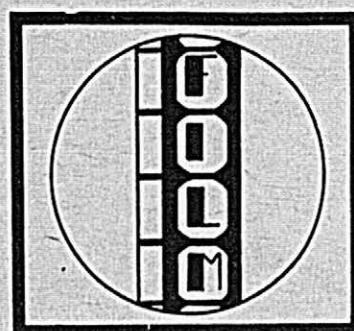
Ciba acknowledges that a high-powered team, usually part of a medical center is required to make the diagnosis of MBD. But "it seems unreasonable to deprive children who do not have access to such a center to the benefits of a treatment program."

One presumes therefore that Ciba means doctors to prescribe the drug, even in the absence of a diagnosis of MBD, for any "hyperactive" child.

There are many children who are "easily frustrated." Elementary school, as I recall, is not exactly the most engaging place in the world.

One of the greatest dangers in the indiscriminate use of methylphenidate or similar mind-control drugs is that any child who acts up, whether he has MBD or whether he is standing on his head in class because he is bored, may end up a vegetable. Very good maybe for the child with MBD, but catastrophic for the child who isn't learning anything because of the way school is.

Ciba's ads for Ritalin encourage its indiscriminate use. Disclaimers are there, but the effect of the ad on the doctor who skims the journal is "prescribe!" for the kid who steps out of line. Unfortunately, this is not an isolated example in medical advertising and the drug industry in general — all too often is the patient ignored in the interests of profit. It seems that this is all the more true in the up-and-coming field of pediatric and adolescent mind-control.



by bill cosco

The fearless theatrical creations of the late Joe Orton, poorly received in their own time, have only recently come across an audience capable of appreciating them without being scandalized by their audacity.

His play "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" lasted only a few performances on a reactionary Broadway, yet its film version is enjoying critical raves and considerable audience interest. It is perverse, vulgar beyond belief, outrageous, and delightful.

"Mr. Sloane" is a black comedy, pairing leering, lecherous sexual forays with the niceties of English decorum, thereby making the latter seem the height of hypocrisy and self-

delusion.

To get his point across, Orton spares no sensibility, no sacred cow. An obese, fiftyish matron (Beryl Reid), sporting bra and panties under a transparent gown, picks up a handsome young blond in a cemetery, offering him lodging in her spare room. To see her prancing around overexposed is, to say the least, a unique experience, but it is matched by quite a few more gleefully twisted surprises. Beryl lives with a middle aged homosexual brother and her mildly senile husband, Brother is quite pleased with the new guest, but the old man (affectionately referred to as "the Dada") is suspicious and resentful. Mr. Sloane is a rather nasty opportunist who wastes no time in starting to prodigiously "give out" to his benefactors in return for their support. There follows sexual rivalry, murder, and a wickedly offbeat solution to the conflict.

Beryl Reid, enunciating impeccably all the while, seems the soul of propriety until you

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The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily. Offices at 3480 McTavish, room B46, phone 392-8921. All contributions are welcome. Special thanks to Ahmed Yarkhan.

Editor Karl Nerenberg
Associate Editors Michael Terrin, Gene Allen.

The Townhouse



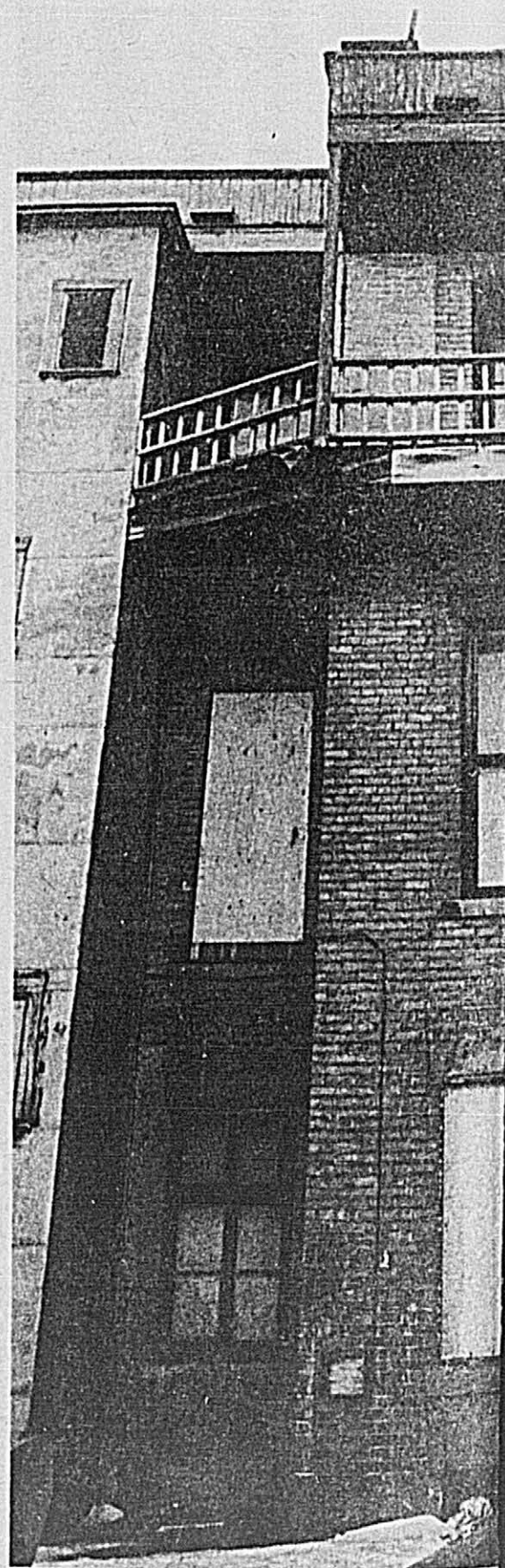
Once a lodging for aristocrats of the middle-class, who used their stations more for decorations than for living, economic laws had turned their landlords to making her a tenement, the prostitute that was not well kept but very profitable. In her peak tenement days during the late 50's and early 60's, when social consciousness was a hallmark of only the very rich who could afford to buy it — she held an average of a family of six per room, with a common toilet for every four.

The heating unit blew a pipe once and

The old townhouse had seen many winters with grey snow and leafless trees. Seen countless shovelings of her walk in the early morning twilight and blue-grey dusk. Heard the voices of men working to clear the streets of snow or delivering packages in the rain. And children, children playing in the street, children now old or dead. The weather had not treated her well in its cycles of rain and thunder moving to snow and freezing winds which brought the ground, half dead with cold, back again to summer rains and steam though it was the only thing which seemed constant in this neighborhood of change. Yet all was constant in its change and soon all would be in the past.

Old buildings on this worn down block of many road repairs and cement walks had seen the street lights shine dimly on the muggings of old ladies and drunks, and on lovers walking hand-in-hand under the now gone maple trees which used to line this street. Change had come in many ways to this block which had seen two smaller buildings engulfed by fire and the wood bay and old brick destroyed by men. Twenty years ago the debris of one burnt-out house was cleared to make a playground for the new, red-brick school house on the corner, but financial pressures forced the city to remove the playground for a new house: an apartment building which was built the following year.

The townhouse was originally wallpapered with expensive Paris green in plain elegance, but this had proved too costly to maintain and was covered with cheaper things. She had been painted once in white on the walls of the rooms and hallways, but the green, refusing to be hidden, wore through. After years of trying lighter shades of paint the landlords gave way to massive light brown and dark green pigments. The building was very old and felt the weight of the brown over the many other coats of paint and finally the expensive wallpaper was a drying death skin which one tries to take gracefully to the grave.



story by michael plinsky

photos by harold rosenberg

was poorly repaired, allowing the cold outside to cut bitterly into her tenants' souls burning with ice the quality of life which they maintained. The overloaded electrical circuits wanted care and cried for attention from the vocal cords of their shorting circuits and naked wires. Hot water was a quantity which never seemed to be there, though a few had the privilege of feeling it come warm from the tap half — stained with rust in the early morning hours after it had rested in the pipes all night.

She had lived through a century of



Lament

I can ask you
not, the Why
of before, softly
you played on
and I seeing, believing
as your music
felt, my fingers
threading your fragile sighs
to mine. of gypsy queens
and iron hair
a strange past, sung
your well-made body
spent. I clung
to what your twisted image
lent. You were so
Alone
tending to madness
of gale wind dove floating
furling in fright
But I with notebooks, thin
and praise
stayed.
You gave me my name
without a song, left
my reason
Your sadness to match.
none.
after theatre
fine-furred ladies
of table round
aquiline noses over demitasse, peer
the expected critique, demurely approved
one to the other
the redundant chorus
inane detonations
splinters
beneath
their anointed elbows.

change: through wars, depression and more wars. She had seen men go off and leave their families never to return to those darkened rooms, dying in some distant spot, only to be retold by a telegram. She had seen death come from hunger and sickness, as the old men and young children coughed their last breaths into choked pools of blood on the tarnished wood floors. She was the birthplace for countless children whose unmarried mothers could not afford the luxury of a doctor or the blessing of an abortionist. She had seen crime, lust and love. And with the change it was constant; she knew of life and it was good.

But now something was wrong, was tearing her as a cancer which can go unnoticed for just so long, then screams for recognition: the old building would be broken. Her spirit had long since gone, only the memories of her past sketched in crayon on her walls kept the present from hurting or the past from fading. There is a quiet sort of happiness in knowing that mountains go to valleys and sunrise to sunset, a change which is forever constant, and truly she felt this.

But today, today she would die, giving way to a progress she had passively watched for a century. A new building would be built, a new tenement for the slums, and the old townhouse would die. She would give herself up passively to the destruction, no fight or anger, because, because she knew, and it was good.



Chaucer. . .

continued from page 1

professional football team. His number is 3. Once he kicks a field goal of 57 yards. He almost never misses an extra point. He is a soccer style kicker, and is deeply resented by the straight-on kickers, who denounce him in the newspapers. He has been playing for four years, when, one summer at training camp, a new place-kicker tries out. His name is Spenser. He

is not as good a field goal kicker as Chaucer, but his kick-offs are rarely returned. Chaucer is about to be cut, and placed on the taxi squad, when he wakes up. That morning, they come, hand him the lean purse and tell him to get lost. They do not want to hear about his dream.

"I don't know Geoffrey. Maybe you're going mad."

"Do mad-men have odd dreams?"

"Some of them do. But then again," said his friend, who could see both sides of an issue, "then again, some of them don't."

"That doesn't help me much."

"Well, if it's any consolation to you, I don't think you have to worry about going mad. If having dreams indicates madness, you're mad right now!"

"I am!"

"Certainly, if madmen have strange dreams, that is. Of course, we don't know, one way or the other. It's too bad you've never had a dream about Sigmund Freud, because he would be the one to ask."

"Waiter! The same. But look, maybe the dreams mean something."

"But what?" asked his friend.

"Gee," says The Man Who Made The Homely English Tongue The Language

Of A New And Splendid Literature Which Was To Follow Him Through The Years. "Gee," he says, "I don't know."

Chaucer dreams he is standing on a plain. In the distance he sees a line, a procession, approaching him. As they come closer, he can see that they are on horseback. At their head is a gaunt looking man, in armour. He leaves the group and rides over to Chaucer.

"Hello," he says. "If you are Geoffrey Chaucer, you had better come with us."

"Hello," says Chaucer. "Where are you going?"

"To Canterbury," he answers.

Film . . .

continued from page 3

start listening to what she's saying. The other characters, as portrayed by Orton, also contribute to the viciously satirical effect. Watch Beryl suddenly brim with tears when her brother tells her she's a ludicrous, gross pig, only to instantly light up as she sneaks a quick leer at Sloane's crotch.

The atmosphere is farcical; people seem to dash around rather than walk; irrational acts constantly occur in a matter-of-fact way — the corpse of the Dada is laid out on the living room table, and promptly forgotten, becoming just another piece of furniture. You see this rather conspicuous gray-green hulk, but no one else seems to.

Thus goes the whole film, filled with outrageous details. Everything, from brother's obscene pink pontiac (a horror-relic from the days of James Dean), to sister's non-outfits, to the murderous abuse of everyone by everyone, works together to make a film that would have warmed Orton's heart.

Beginning this Friday, Mad Scientist Giovanni Iuliani will be opening a limited engagement at The Chateau Theatre on St. Denis. His incredible feat, done live and on stage, will be to change his female assistant into an ape, thus proving Darwin's Theories on evolution. Asked recently what he thought of his incredible powers, he replied, "That's nothing. If I could change gorillas into ladies, then I'd be in business." That's three shows a day, St. Denis near Jean Talon.



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THURSDAY
FEB 3
8:30 P.M.
CRUMB
KELEMEN
MOREL
CHERNEY
FERRARI

Nocturnes
for violin and piano
Entrances
Ikkii (froidure) World premiere
commissioned by SMCQ
Kontakion
Interrupteur
Soloists
Eugene Husaruk violinist
Bruce Malher pianist

L'ensemble de la SMCQ
Conductor: Serge Garant
Tickets: \$3 on sale at Place des Arts / Ed. Archambault Inc.,
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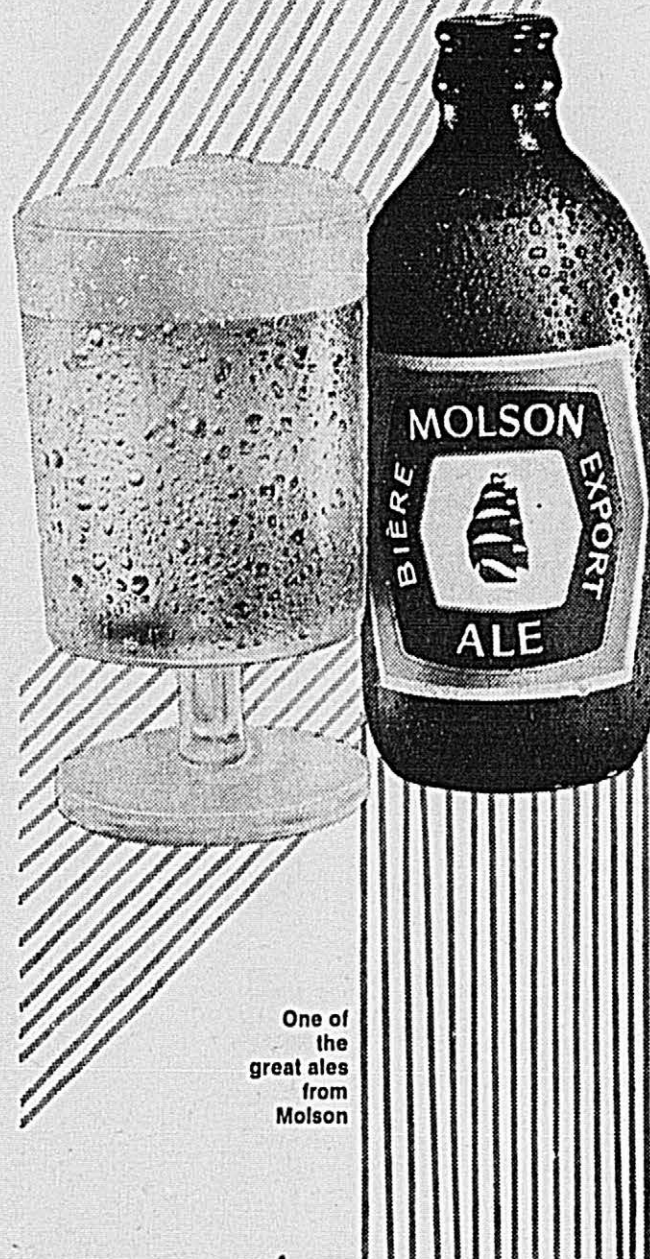
GREEN FOLDER in the Union cafeteria on Wed. Jan. 26. Return to lost & found. Notes inside desperately needed.

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\$1.00

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Arnold Bennett

Secor au secours!

This is the story of one union's fight with management. The broad lines — petty persecution of the union and gross incompetence on the part of management could be applied to many examples everywhere in Quebec. But the case of Secor Industries of St-Jerome is of particular interest in terms of the conclusions to which the unionized workers came.

Secor was legally incorporated on August 24, 1968, with \$125,000 in active capital and a head office at Place Bonaventure in Montreal.

In March 1969, thanks to a \$118,000 subsidy from the Regional Development Agency of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, Secor began its operations in St-Jerome.

The total capital invested soon rose to \$391,000. Gerald Segal, the president of Secor, also obtained a loan of \$190,000 from the Industrial Credit Office. The loan was repayable over five years at 10 per cent interest.

But within three years numerous union, production and administrative problems forced Secor employees to ask serious questions about the future of their factory.

UNION PROBLEMS

In 1969 the employees had been subject to the whims of management. Several were fired for petty reasons. The salaries were ridiculous — \$1.35 an hour, the minimum wage at that time. So the workers formed a union.

Obtaining accreditation in February 1970, they affiliated themselves with the Metallurgists Federation (Confederation of National Trade Unions.)

The same day that the company learned of the union's accreditation it fired an employee, Jean-Paul Laroche, for his union activities. But Laroche was rehired and his union rights recognized after a complaint was brought before the Commissioner of Inquiry.

Two other employees who had been suspended for three days for refusing to work overtime also won their case and were reimbursed.

The union then drew up a list of thirty grievances on the issues of transfers, overtime, heating, layoffs, salaries and seniority, lead-hand, written notice, cleanliness of toilets and Thursday pay.

Management reacted strongly, issuing a disciplinary code and firing the union president.

When the workers attempted to support their president nine of them were fired. After several meetings between the company and union negotiators, an agreement was reached on the infamous disciplinary code. Three grievances were settled and the nine laid-off workers, as well as the union president, were rehired. Their salaries were reimbursed and all their rights were recognized.

But the union president did not want to go back to work at Secor. The workers, temporarily leaderless, failed to pursue the rest of the grievances.

The employees' next pay cheque was postdated to one week after the day they received it, although it was already one week late.

For a time the situation at Secor returned to normal. But suddenly the employees' insurance company refused to pay claims. When the union inquired it found out that Secor had not paid the premiums which it had held back from the workers' pay between April and November 1970. Nor had the company paid the premiums which it was obliged to contribute. The workers then demanded that Secor pay them the amount of their contribution, \$1,200.

In 1971 a similar situation arose. At one point there were ten claims of which two were for unpaid salaries. The insurance company again informed the workers that Secor had not paid its share of the premiums. So the union engaged a lawyer, Michel Paquin. They met with management to demand the immediate payment of what the company owed.

The employees are still waiting for the settlement of their claims, but they still have to pay weekly premiums.

Meanwhile the company has parted with nothing more than a string of promises and excuses.

One meeting, which was supposed to settle the group insurance problem once and for all, was held up when the company refused to see the union president on the pretext that he was not a "good" president and that he was vulgar. Later management changed its mind and agreed to meet with him.

During the meetings the union obtained verbal acceptance of its claims on the part of the company accountant, Marvin Hersh, who seemed to have a mandate to settle the affair. Paquin asked the accountant for a predated cheque to prove his good faith. The accountant requested a letter attesting that the union would not sue Secor for fraud.

Paquin was supposed to meet the company lawyer to sort out the formalities. But the company lawyer refused the union's demands under the pretext that he was not present at the meeting between the union and the company.

On December 22 the employees resorted to a work stoppage and called a meeting at the cafeteria to discuss the

group insurance problem. Ten minutes later the union president was fired for having called a union meeting during working hours.

In the face of the company's reaction the employees returned to work; St-Jerome police then chased away the union leader. The union immediately demanded the reinstatement of its president and lodged a complaint with the Ministry of Labour.

On January 10, 1972 all the employees stopped work because two of them had not been able to cash their paycheques. The company accountant made an arrangement with the Royal Bank of Canada and the employees returned to work. But they soon all received written warnings against hindering production.

PRODUCTION:

In 1969 a hundred employees worked for Secor at an average wage of \$1.35 an hour. During that year the quality of production was relatively good when the inexperience of the employees is taken into account. During this period there was enough material to let the employees stay on the job 42 and one half hours per week. Among the products they manufactured were chairs, cots, sleds, windbreakers and parasols.

But by the spring of 1971, following a series of layoffs during slack periods, only 45 workers remained. The quality of production continued to improve, but there were regular shortages of material.

By autumn no more than 25 employees remained, while production dropped to almost nothing due to lack of materials. Yet the union is sure that there are enough orders available to allow production at normal capacity and to give work to more people than are currently employed at Secor.

ADMINISTRATIVE PROBLEMS:

Secor is presently in the throes of administrative turmoil.

When the St. Jerome plant was opened in March 1969 Gerald Segal was president, M. Heinz accountant, Michel Klipstheill personnel director, Harry Gillard plant engineer and Serge Blanchard superintendent. Only Segal is still with Secor.

Segal was formerly a seller for his father, who was president of the Barry Company, a factory which made the same type of products as Secor. Klipstheill had been personnel director at Barry, while Gillard and Blanchard also had a good number of years of experience with the same company.

Furthermore there was very little competition in the market Secor was trying to reach. The workers reasonably expected that there would be many orders.

The list of turnovers among management personnel indicates why the union's expectations were not fulfilled:

■ In 1970 the chief foreman quit due to a disagreement with Segal. He was replaced by Robert Roy, a machinist who had been with Secor since the plant opened.

■ The seller left in 1970 for unknown

Continued on page 8



FROM OUR READERS

Songs celebrate Greek resistance

*Masters now
the barbarous mercenaries rule
raising in the glorious State
foreign banners.*

*In the streets and squares
They have set up their idols
and with the whip force the many
to worship them.*

Markos Avgeris
(From the book
"The cry of the Greek people",
by Zisis Skaros,
ed. Nouvelle Frontière).

This year, on April 21st, the Greek military junta will probably celebrate the fifth anniversary of the rape of the constitutional rights of the Greek people. The facts are well known to all: tanks in the streets, machine guns, massive pronouncements, exile, torture, censorship, burning of the books, Nazi-type slogans and all the typical characteristics of a military dictatorship.

To the Greek people this is a military occupation. They are paying for decisions taken by others 'elsewhere'. They had legally elected their parliamentary government and were looking forward to the coming elections of May 1967, when suddenly the colonels decided to "save" the country from an inexistent enemy, who, as usual, had the name 'communism'.

This kind of situation is not unknown to the Greeks. About 25 years ago there were the Nazis, and 150 years ago they freed themselves from the long and bloody Ottoman yoke. During all these periods, then and now, Greeks never lost their courage and free spirit. A means to express their passion for freedom and their determination is the resistance song. These songs spring from the people's aspirations and struggles for freedom against oppression and foreign domination.

Now a small volume comes from New York with a collection of Greek resistance songs. Its title is "Resistance songs of the Greek People", and it is one of the first attempts to collect part of the treasure which is this particular folklore. Through these songs one can see the Greek mountains, ridges, valleys and the Greek landscape embracing a proud people who, as Rigas Feraios, the bard of the eighteenth century, put it, prefer:

*Better one hour's freedom
than forty years of slavery.*

A good characterization of the spirit of the resistance songs is given in the short forward of the "Resistance songs of the Greek People": "The roots of these songs lie deeply in the lives of the people. The lyrics have immortalized the great democratic upsurge in the 1821 Revolution of Independence after centuries of bondage under the Ottoman yoke and even today express the con-

tinuous struggle of the last 150 years against domestic oppression and foreign interventions. The messages of these songs have given courage and inspiration to the Greek people in their never-ending effort for independence and liberty. Characteristic of the resistance songs of 1821 is the National Anthem of Greece. It was written by the poet Dionysios Solomos who lived through the 1821 Revolution of Independence. He witnessed the people's valiant struggle and recorded its essence in his poetry. The National Anthem is a song for liberty. It is the contribution of a great poet who chose to place his lot with the common people of Greece. Some 100 years later, in another major confrontation against foreign bondage, we again meet artists, poets and musicians who decide to fight side by side with the Greek masses. During the fascist and Nazi occupation of Greece in World War II, the overwhelming majority of her creative artists devoted their talents to the service of the people. And many gave their lives . . . Much of the finest of the Resistance music has been lost or destroyed — especially for the period 1940-45 . . . The authorities have made every effort since W.W. II to destroy all traces of the Greek people's struggle for national liberation and democracy. This has meant not only the banning of the people's resistance music but also the systematic extermination and elimination of all democratic voices and institu-

tions in the nation. The culmination of that effort was the April 1967 foreign inspired coup d'état by the clique of fascist colonels".

The Greek people during these four and a half years of military occupation have not lost their courage, as they never did in the past. The resistance songs, revived, are being sung again by every Greek patriot. They warm the hearts and strengthen the will.

Why are you in tears?

*- Oh, sweet country of mine
how deeply I love you -*

*And your sorrowful heart
aches without end.*

*- Oh sweet country of mine
I shall bring you freedom -*

Fascism has conquered our land

*- Oh sweet country of mine
how deeply I love you -*

And wrecked my people

spreading terror.

- Oh sweet country of mine

I shall bring you freedom -

Our ancestors have said it,

our generation repeats it

- Oh sweet country of mine

how deeply I love you -

Our slogan is Freedom or Death.

- Oh sweet country of mine

I shall bring you freedom -

(Greek folk song)

(This article was written by members of the Greek underground.)

SECOR . . .

Continued from page 7

reasons. That post was never again filled.

■ Segal hired a technical director, a Mr. Polansky who quit his job two weeks later.

■ Segal then hired someone called Vallee who was fired a month later because of alleged unsatisfactory work. The union has since learned that Vallee is now working for Bombardier (the snowmobile company that is one of the most successful enterprises in Quebec) as technical director.

■ At the beginning of 1971 the accountant Heinz left. He was replaced by someone named Brooks.

■ The chief foreman, Robert Roy, also left. He was not replaced until two months later.

■ Klipstheill left because of the inefficient functioning of the factory.

■ The accountant Brooks resigned, two

months after his arrival.

■ Gillard left.

In November 1971 three new administrators appeared: Accountant Marvin Hersh, Personnel Director Maurice Belisle, and Superintendent Youri Hermann, as well as an assistant accountant, Gerard Perrier.

The union was somewhat perplexed at the regular rash of firings and resignations at the administrative level. The workers wondered whether Segal, the president of the company, could be responsible for all these hassles. They became disillusioned with the economic system which permitted such a situation to perpetuate itself. Their new way of thinking was reflected in a manifesto which they drafted recently:

"We demand a rapid settlement of the following grievances:

■ the settlement of group insurance rates since 1970, or about \$2500.

■ the reinstatement of the union president in his functions.

■ the rehiring of the worker, Florent Maltais (who was fired January 12 after having an accident with the lift truck.)

"We demand that the company and Mr. Segal, among others, explain to us why there is so much instability within the company.

"We also demand that the Ministry of Economic Expansion and Regional Development, headed by Jean Marchand, make an inquiry into the administration of Secor Industries.

"We believe that it is inadmissible that the money which we pay in taxes is redistributed to petty capitalists who are more or less competent. The money of the Quebec people must serve our, the workers' interests and not those of

pretended administrators.

"If we presently owe our jobs to this federal subsidy, it is in the government's interest to control the administrative actions of Secor Industries very soon. We are waiting for a quick answer from Jean Marchand.

"If we had the financial means, we would not be afraid of assuring workers' control of Secor. Since we understand all the operations of this factory and know that production could be easily raised, we would surely be more effective than the whole bunch of administrators which has passed through Secor Industries.

"It is surely not only administrators who can assure the administration of a factory. The workers, through self-management (auto-gestion) can assume the operation of a factory like Secor Industries."

FROM OUR READERS

South Africa: death of non-violence

On March 21st, 1960, Africans gathered at Sharpeville and other towns in South Africa to peacefully demonstrate against the most blatant form of racial discrimination the world has yet seen. Despite the daily brutality meted out by their white "masters", these people had faith in the power of non-violence, as preached by Gandhi and their own leader, Albert Luthuli. White supremacist policy, legalized in the concept and practice of *apartheid*, is a basic article of faith that admits no argument in South Africa. Africans are trapped by the legal, and social pressures of this system which systematically exploits, degrades, and humiliates them in the land of their forefathers.

Of the Africans gathered at Sharpeville, more than 250 men, women, and children were gunned down by the South African police. The massacre marked a turning point in the sad history of race relations in that police state; for, buried alongside the 72 bodies of the slain victims, was the corpse of non-violent African resistance. Today, years later, all peace-loving people should remember these martyrs to the cause of human dignity and freedom.

That the Sharpeville incident was a calculated and unprovoked massacre was confirmed by many eyewitnesses, both black and white. Humphrey Tyler, the white editor of the South African magazine *Drum*, says that the crowd was unarmed and "amiable", and that he was able to move among them without fear. Then, without any command to disperse, or a warning volley, the shooting started, and it "did not stop until there was no living thing on the huge compound in front of the police station". Pictures taken at the scene show police officers standing on top of armored cars, picking off fleeing men, women, and children as though they were in a shooting gallery.

According to the South African Ambassador to the United Nations, Bernardus Fourie, the callous slaughter was prompted by a "concern to exercise normal control, as is done in all well-ordered societies all over the world when large masses of demonstrators gather". Such is the way in which South Africa keeps her African population "well-ordered".

To ensure Western acquiescence in the racial oppression that keeps the jails full and the hangmen overworked, South African propaganda stresses that it is all part of her "fight against Communism". South Africa counts on the hysterical anti-communist phobia that grips the West, and on the ability of Western nations to conveniently forget that Hitler used the same excuse. In South Africa's Suppression of Communism Act of 1950, Communism is defined as "any doctrine or scheme to bring about political, social, or industrial change by disorder or unlawful acts". This includes "acts to protest any racial law" or support for "any campaign for the repeal or modification of any law". Such legislation, combined with the fact that South Africa's black majority cannot vote, effectively cuts the latter off from

any means of influencing their own destiny. This is the "democracy" that South Africa wishes us to help her protect from "Communism".

South Africa's booming economy is sustained by Western investors who are indifferent to the numerous industrial colour bars used to oppress the black workers. Great Britain, the United States, France, West Germany and Canada have been the major source of capital, and thus bolster the South African regime. Britain and France have also supplied large amounts of military hardware, and West Germany and France are helping South Africa to develop nuclear weapons. Through her alliance with our NATO ally, Portugal, South Africa also gets American military equipment. Together with the Ian Smith regime, South Africa and Portugal use their Western arms to suppress liberation movements in South Africa, Mozambique, Angola, Namibia (South-West Africa), and Zimbabwe (Rhodesia). Thus it is Western planes, bombs, and napalm which kill and maim thousands of Africans, most of whom are innocent of ever taking up arms to defend themselves. Thanks to our indifference and opposition to their cause, there are no arms for the Africans to take up.

Neither is the West willing to help the Africans by withdrawing financial support from South Africa, or by supporting United Nations' intervention. In reply to an inquiry by some American students concerned with the increasing amount of loans granted by the Chase-Manhattan Bank to the racist South African government of Prime Minister Vorster, a spokesman for David Rockefeller explained that "if we consider the receiver of a loan to be financially responsible, we do business with him regardless of his nationality, religion, or political views. A loan to South Africa is considered sound banking business, and we feel that it would be unwise and unfair if we, as a bank (rather than as men?), made judgments that were not based on economics . . . This does not mean that the bank endorses the political views of South Africa; on the other hand we believe it would endanger the free world if every large American bank deprived developing countries of the opportunity for economic growth. If one hopes for changes in South Africa, or elsewhere, it would do little good to withdraw economic support". (in *Africa Today*, February 1965)

Not only do these loans help to keep Africans working in South African mines for wages often ten times less than whites receive doing the same jobs, but they give Western nations, including Canada, a strong stake in maintaining the status quo in South Africa. The average return on investment in South Africa is 27%, and Western corporations and governments are unlikely to want this "well-ordered" exploitation to end. This explains why the momentary shock waves in the Western press after the massacre at Sharpeville were soon dissipated by a realization that the

racist inhumanity of *apartheid* was "good business" for the West.

It is therefore clear that if this economic self-interest prevents massive UN intervention in South Africa, violent racial war is inevitable. Two opposing conceptions of the human condition — equality and freedom versus racism and racial superiority — are in direct conflict, and the black majority has no peaceful channels for instituting change. As Dr. Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanzania, pointed out in his address at the University of Toronto in October, 1970, "If the door to freedom is locked and bolted, and the present guardians of the door have refused to turn the key or pull the bolts, the choice is very straightforward.

Either you accept the lack of freedom or you break the door down."

If we in the West accept the South African propaganda that claims the defence of the "Free World" from Communism (formerly the "Black Peril"), which is, in reality, the African's fight for equality and dignity, we will again clearly and irrevocably turn our backs on our self-avowed commitment to self-determination, and our democratic ideals of equality and human dignity. Our choice is limited. Either we commence to use all possible means — economic, political, and moral — or history and humanity will hold us responsible for the great brutality of the coming conflict.

Ken Kwaku
John Fraser
Sheldon Wolfson
David Mulhall



TODAY

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. Scriver, Phenylketonuria — Medical Research. McIntyre Francis Seminar Room 409 (enter thru library, 3rd floor), 1 p.m.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: Buddies needed for new program with outpatients of Allan Memorial. Union 414, 12-2 or call 392-8980.

FINE ARTS INTRODUCTORY COURSE: Exhibition of students' first term work. Fine Arts Dept., Arts Building.

YELLOW DOOR COFFEE HOUSE: Eric and Morty Nagler, traditional folk. 3624 Aylmer, 9:30 to midnight. Members 75c, non-members \$1. Lunch daily.

ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE: Open forum on the India-Pakistan conflict. Union 327, 1-3 p.m.

RED AND WHITE: 3's Company tickets on sale. Union Box Office.

FILM SOCIETY: Godard festival, Vent d'Est (no English subtitles) at 7 p.m., Sympathy for the Devil at 9:30. L132.

JEWISH FREE UNIVERSITY: Classes start this week. For info or brochures call 845-9171.

SIGMA CHI: Feast. 3458 Peel, 7:30 p.m.

WINTER SEASON: Nocturnals, Jean Papineau Couture, André Prévost, Bruce Mather, Serge Garaut. U de M 23-32, 11 p.m. Free.

THOMSON HOUSE: On Fridays the House and Bar will be open from noon onwards. Sandwiches available. A dinner to members and members of faculty.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSN: Historical Analysis of Iranian Revolution. Union 123-24, 8 p.m.

NEWMAN CENTER: Mass followed by supper at 5:30. Ice skating on Beaver Lake followed by hot chocolate. 3484 Peel.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY: Dance to steel band, free. Loyola College, call 843-6027 for details.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSN: Analysis of people's uprisings in Namibia and Zimbabwe (Rhodesia). Post Pat-Busia Ghana by a progressive Ghanaian. Union 327, 7 p.m.

UKRAINIAN SOCIETY: Elections. Union 307, 2 p.m.

REDPATH MUSEUM: A display of fossil plants, illustrating evolution and comparative morphology. 2nd floor of Museum; open to all students.

SKI CLUB: Registration today and all next week at Union Box Office; membership open to all McGill students. Refer to classified ads for first trip.

ALL STUDENTS interested in helping David Rovins improve the appearance of the Union, see him in the Internal V-P's office.

MIXED CURLING: TMR Curling Club, 3:30.

SATURDAY

SAVOY SOCIETY: Rehearsal. Mrs. Partlet and Constance, 11; Dr. Daley, 11:30; Sir Marmaduke and Alexis, 12; Aline Sangazure, 12:15; Mr. Wells, 1; Chorus, 2. B26-27.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Sports day (Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton). Currie gym, 9-6.

WEST INDIAN STUDENTS: Get-together for all interested, refreshment provided. 455 Sherbrooke No. 202, 2 p.m.

FIGURE SKATING CLUB: Important team practices, attendance compulsory, bring uniforms. Winter Stadium, 10-11:30.

REDPATH MUSEUM: Display of fossil plants, illustrating evolution and comparative morphology. 2nd floor of Museum, open to all students.

SKYDIVING CLUB: Annual intercollegiate parachute meet. St. Antoine des Laurentides airport, Route 11 just south of St. Jérôme, all day, both days.

PLAYERS' CLUB: First day of auditions for major production. Boys in the Band (to go on in March), Sandwich Theater, 12-5. No audition material necessary.

WOMEN'S CURLING: TMR Curling Club, 1-5.

MEN'S CURLING: TMR Curling Club, 1 p.m.

SIGMA CHI: Toboggan party. 3458 Peel, 849-5965, 7:30 p.m.

SUNDAY

HILLEL: Tai-chi class, 2 p.m. Also, ski trip to Belle Neige. Bus leaves Van Horne Shopping Center, 8:30 a.m. \$2.50 for bus and \$4 for tow. Call 845-9171 to register.

FOLK MASS: Yellow Door Coffee House. 3624 Aylmer, 4:30 p.m. Guest performer Bruce Murdoch.

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1310 Greene Ave., 8th floor
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McGILL MEN'S INTRAMURALS

MEN'S SQUASH AND BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

BADMINTON (Singles)

Deadline for entries is Tuesday, February 1st at 4:00 p.m. Play begins on Tuesday evening, February 8th.

SQUASH (Singles)

Deadline for entries is Monday, January 31st at 4:00 p.m. Play begins on Monday, February 7th.

Entries will be accepted at the Intramural Office, Room 7, in the Currie Gym or by calling the Intramural Secretary at 392-4730. Entries are open to all full-time McGill Students (male).

Participants will be contacted as to time of their first match



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PLANS: Term to age 35 or 10 year term whichever is the shorter period, with Ordinary Life thereafter, unless converted sooner to Ordinary Life or any other type of permanent life. PLUS: accidental death and G.I.B.

YEARLY PREMIUM

PLAN A

with G.I.B.
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☐ \$67.75

\$ 25,000 Death
\$ 50,000 Accidental Death
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN B

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

☐ \$69.25
☐ \$44.25

\$ 15,000 Death
\$ 30,000 Accidental Death
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN C

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

☐ \$57.50
☐ \$32.50

\$ 10,000 Death
\$ 20,000 Accidental Death
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN D

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

☐ \$45.75
☐ \$20.75

\$ 5,000 Death
\$ 10,000 Accidental Death
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN E

without G.I.B.

☐ \$10.00

\$ 5,000 Death

Above rates include Waiver of Premium and Conversion Privileges. G.I.B. allows you to take 7 new permanent life insurance policies up to \$25,000 each for a total of \$175,000 WITHOUT PROOF OF GOOD HEALTH (in addition to conversion Privilege) on 7 of the following different occasions: at graduation, at postgraduation or at the policy anniversary dates nearest your ages 22, 25, 28, 31, 34, 37 and 40. You may add up to \$25,000 of permanent life insurance each time you exercise an option.

CONVERSION PRIVILEGES: ALL plans up to \$25,000 if at graduation or up to amount of policy at any other time during Term period.

Lowest Conversion Rates, for instance: Annual Premium for \$10,000 "Professional" Ordinary Life

	AGE	PREMIUM		CASH VALUE	
		1st year	thereafter	in 20 years	at age 65
now par	24	\$67.50	92.50	2,020	5,333
with bonus	24	\$72.50	97.50	4,050	16,984
double bonus	24	\$77.50	102.50	6,080	28,635

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Continued from page 6

not all bad; they're taking on greater "social responsibility." Indeed, the hack attempt at understanding the "younger generation" is written all over Maisonrouge's most peculiar reading of nationalism. Take for instance this puzzling assessment of the Paris student actions of May 1968:

"One of the reasons I see nationalism disappearing in the long term is the attitudes of young people. You may remember one of the things written on the walls of the Sorbonne during the student revolution in '68: 'The hell with borders'. This is typical of the younger generation. They are more mobile, they have friends all over the globe, and they forget the old nationalist tendencies." Without doubt Jacques Maisonrouge knows something the students at the Sorbonne did not.

But even Maisonrouge admits this is not the whole story. Corporations cannot be dawdlers; they must nudge things along: "A business should actively look for ways in which its operations can be helpful to the host country, whether it is in the importation of technology, the training of skilled professionals, creation of capital plant, corporate philanthropy . . . in other words, become an asset to that country in every way you can".

When the people at the *Harvard Business Review* want to find out what GE or IBM have in store for us, they use epic terms. "How", it is asked, "would you define your mission?" Again Maisonrouge: "We want to be in the problem-solving business — this is our mission. Our business is not to make computers. It is to help solve administrative, scientific, and even human problems."

If we know that IBM has its heart in the right place, GE is not far off. Old Fred Borch says this: "We have to balance decentralization on the one hand — this is absolutely essential for a company as large and diverse as we are — with centralized direction on the other . . . Things are going to have to give at the decentralized level sometimes in order to assert the corporate vision of the business".

Put in plain terms, though, corporation kindness is just good business. If business defaults in what HBR calls "this challenge", the multinational corporation is doomed. According to a GE report, if the corporations do not begin to orient "products and services to the most basic human needs at home and abroad, then governments will move into every corner of the social welfare market".

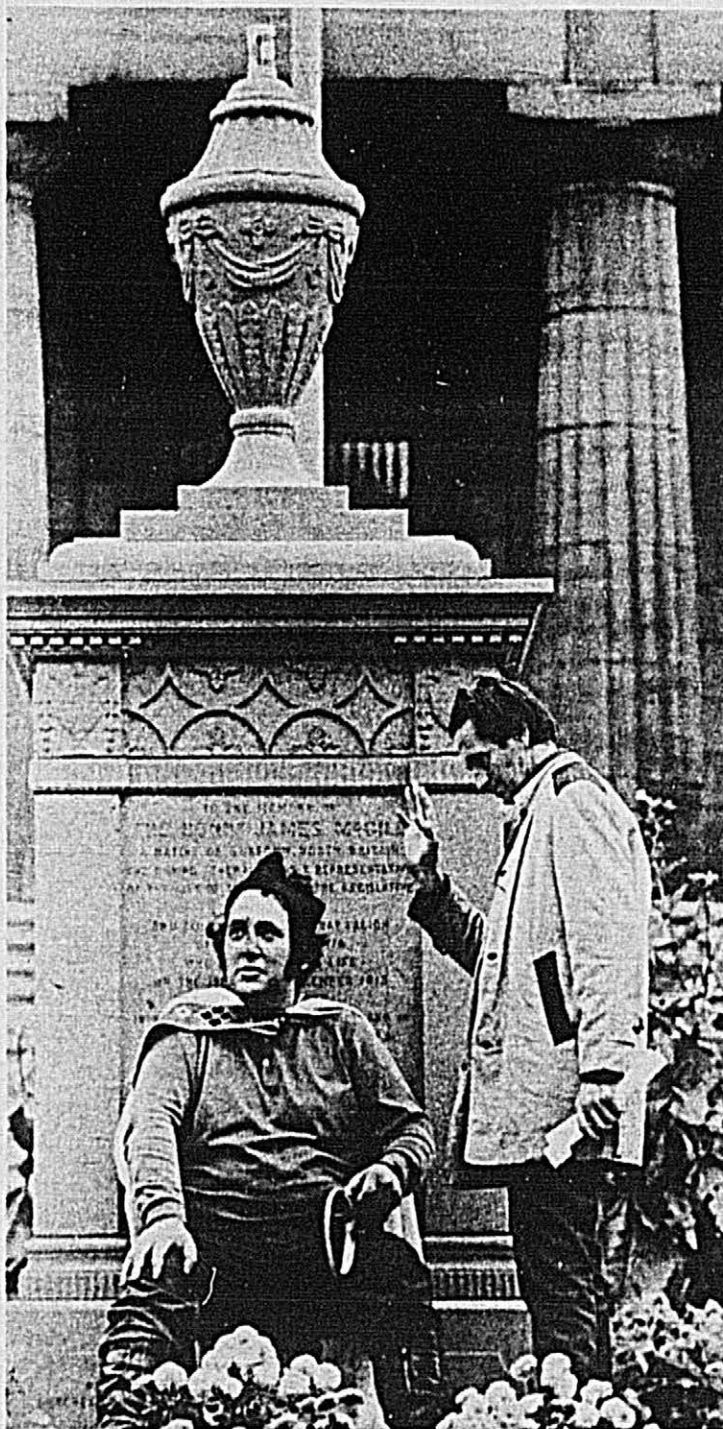
The *Harvard Business Review* concludes momentarily that "growth is not seen as imperialistic or good in itself. It is balanced by an awareness of the social and physical environment in which each company operates; and by definition, this includes the international as well as the national sphere". It's reassuring to discover that imperialism is "balanced" by awareness. The dotted lines on the State Department's maps are being removed slowly but surely, but it is downright surprising that HBR has included "imperialistic" in its preferred vocabulary.

US Senator Abe Ribicoff, who is not prone to mince words but occasionally is forced to eat them, is cited in the article. He concludes that businessmen and bankers "are rearranging the basic nature of relations between states and peoples . . . and multinational corporations are erasing national boundaries more surely and swiftly than the passage of armies and the conclusion of peace treaties".

Marx always said it would come to this.

by miguel de cervantes

There is something rotten at McGill



There is something rotten at McGill.

The politicians at the Union have succeeded in dethroning King Don Quixote. The coup d'etat prevented the mad king from going to the student body to ratify his kingship. Our misguided hero was trying to use his position to destroy the authority of the politicians and bring power back to the people.

The politicians were afraid that since Don Quixote's chief opponents were divided, the mad King would succeed in consolidating his throne and end their monopoly over the finances of all the students. They then cut off our misguided hero from the campus body, and the students had no choice but to pick one of the politicians to rule them.

The students chose the most abiable of the lot as king: Ethelred the Unready. Ethelred had the preoccupation of pleasing everyone who approached him. He is so caught

up in this game that he is seemingly devoid of goals for himself or his administration, and is completely unready to meet any situation.

While Ethelred was attempting to consolidate his rule at the Union, King Don Quixote was trying to regain his throne from the politicians. Our heroic madman felt that it was only the people who had a right to take away his throne. This evil act was just proof of his contention that the politicians should be destroyed and students should rule themselves and not depend on anyone to rule them or make decisions for them.

In desperation Don Quixote asked for and received an audience with the Supreme Being. He asked the Lord Almighty to go down to the Union and intercede in the affairs of the McGill students and to return him that which is his. The Lord agreed to look into the matter, "and if there are sufficient grounds to warrant an in-

vestigation, to conduct that investigation."

When the politicians heard of the possibilities of Divine intervention they held a meeting with the intention of summoning the whole student body together immediately. They wanted the Lord Almighty to know that they meant business and would not tolerate His interference in student affairs. King Ethelred the Unready was unready for immediate action, but when he saw that the politicians were determined to summon the students he agreed to let them do it themselves.

And so over two hundred students gathered on the third floor of the Union in the Hall of Mirrors to discuss what to do in the matter. King Ethelred the Unready was still unready to act until he knew exactly what the Lord would do. The politicians however won the day and it was unanimously agreed that the Lord should be summoned before them so that He could be brought to trial for meddling into student affairs.

Will the politicians succeed in defying the Lord Almighty? Will the Supreme Being support our heroic madman Don Quixote and hurl fire and brimstone on the students? Will King Ethelred the Unready find some semblance of self-discipline, think things out for himself, and not cater to the whims of every hack politician he talks to? Will the students' voice be heard?

There is something rotten at McGill.

HOOPSTERS STILL SURGING

The McGill Redmen gained more ground on the first-place Loyola Warriors last Wednesday when they defeated Bishop's 75-73, while Loyola lost to Macdonald in overtime. The Redmen hit the road for two games this weekend at Macdonald and RMC. Details of all games on Monday



by gerry sparrow

Women's Athletics

According to the age-old theory of one, two, three strikes you're out, the 'Superskaws' demise is only a dribble away.

The QUAA basketball championship, however, is still up in the air. McGill failed to reach new heights last Saturday, passing the limelight to Bishop's for the second time this season. Final score: Bishop's 51 — McGill 49; tie for first place: broken; WAA basketbubble — burst.

Coach Heather Boby diagnosed the game as well played and strongly defensive. Cause of failure appeared to be shooting which was at a new low of approximately 30 per cent. Cure is practice and prediction is for a grand comeback tomorrow against Laval.

Last Friday, the women staged a 57-26 victory over the University of Sherbrooke. Vicki Rowe of McGill led the scoring in this game and Nancy Layton filled in her all-star sneakers on Saturday. Home games unfortunately are over; leaping, scoring and various other feats, however, may be viewed next Wednesday at 8pm in a home exhibition game with St. Lambert.

Meanwhile, the Pink Pucksters are also expanding research into the one-two-three strikes theory. Game two (loss two) to Guelph marred last week-ends double header as McGill travelled to Kingston to confront York and Guelph.

The pucksters started out big, whipping York 5-0 on Friday night. Penalties were almost as impressive as goals; anything was more impressive than

York's poorly positioned performance.

Saturday's final score against Guelph was 7-1 with McGill's sole marker coming from Patsy Johansson. She is up for Most Valuable Player Award against Kathy "Hotshot" Harpur, who vies with the goal post for the Arnold Benedict trophy.

In a defensive rush, Kathy's stick tipped off the puck to make an unwarranted contribution to the Guelph cause. Other scrappy scores were deflected off goal posts.

This weekend, McGill returns to Ontario to face McMaster. York and U of T Rumor has it that the team has been kidnapped by the OWIAA but is commuting long distance to Montreal for practice.

Not to be forgotten, the intermediate basketball team lost this week to that world-famous group, the Armenian General Athletic Union. The AGAU are apparently tough bargainers, but settled for a 39-37 deal when McGill couldn't produce a stalemate. New coach is Jill Harrison, who can fill the transient shoes of the pre-Christmas coach with her baby toe.

Tomorrow, McGill will host the OWIAA Eastern Sectional Fencing Meet as well as preliminaries in swimming and diving for QUAA finals. Diving begins at 9 am and swimming at 10:30.

Other hot news is the WAA Bar and Grill, open from 11 am to 2 pm in the basement of the gym. If you loved their home games, you'll thrill to their tasty home cooking — all eats courtesy of a real honest-to-goodness Superskaws.

This weekend, the McGill skydiving Club will host its second invitational inter-collegiate competition. We have invited university clubs from all across Canada and so far have received affirmative replies from Carleton U, Queen's, Brock, Algonquin C. and several others in the Montreal area.

This is an accuracy competition in which the object is to land as close to the center of a target as possible. Jumps will be made from a Cessna 185 carrying five jumpers and a pilot at an altitude of 2500 ft. We may also have a C-195 on hand. Skill is required to determine exactly

by kathy fox

McGill hosts skydiving meet

FLASH!

Our dedicated photo editor Harold Rosenberg has graciously consented to compromise his well-being and ascend the heavens with the McGill Skydiving team, to capture the drama of the moment on film. And all in the line of duty.

where to exit the aircraft (taking into account wind direction and strength) and, once the chute is open, to guide it and the jumper to a target landing. All parachutes used for sport parachuting are modified to make them steerable.

A jumper must land within 50

ft. of the center of the target for the jump to be measured by the judges. The scores of experienced jumpers are often in the range of a few inches to a few feet, if not dead center (being a 6-inch disc).

Each individual will make three jumps. There will also be a one-jump team event, each team consisting of five jumpers. The lowest total score wins. Trophies will be awarded for first and second place in each category — Novice, Intermediate and Senior — and also in the team event. These trophies have been supplied

through the courtesy of Molson's Breweries.

Registration starts Saturday at 9 am with jumping commencing at 9:30 and continuing through to sunset, and from 9 am to sunset on Sunday. The competition will be held at our drop zone at St. Antoine des Laurentides airport. Take the Laurentian Autoroute to Exit 16, get off and go to St. Janvier. Turn north on Route 11 and the airport is located 4 miles from this point on the right hand side of the road. For more info, call 392-8901 or come to B-47.



"CHUTE? NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A CHUTE!"